

Replenished

Vic Chesnutt

Sitting in the breakfast nook
Flipping through a saucy book
Browsing for a bit of titillation
(That's what you do, that's what you do) Morning is warming
On your mouth
Last days of direct sunlight
For this part of the house Move into the great room
Get the clean corn broom
Sweeping up a sad old pillar of salt
(That's what you do, that's what you do) You're feeling glummer
As summer dies off
Something was released
With autumn's first cough Matter seems immaculate
Until it's consumed or distressed
See her with her kitchen soap
Cleaning up the breakfast she knows It's never finished
'Till the other's replenished
It's never finished
'Till the other's replenished Propped up on the mantel piece
Trophies stuffed in a life that flies
A couple of seconds can be a long time
If'n it's froze, if'n it's froze Matter seems immaculate
Until it's consumed or distressed
See her with her kitchen soap
Cleaning up the breakfast she knows It's never finished
'Till the other's replenished
It's never finished
'Till the other's replenished

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